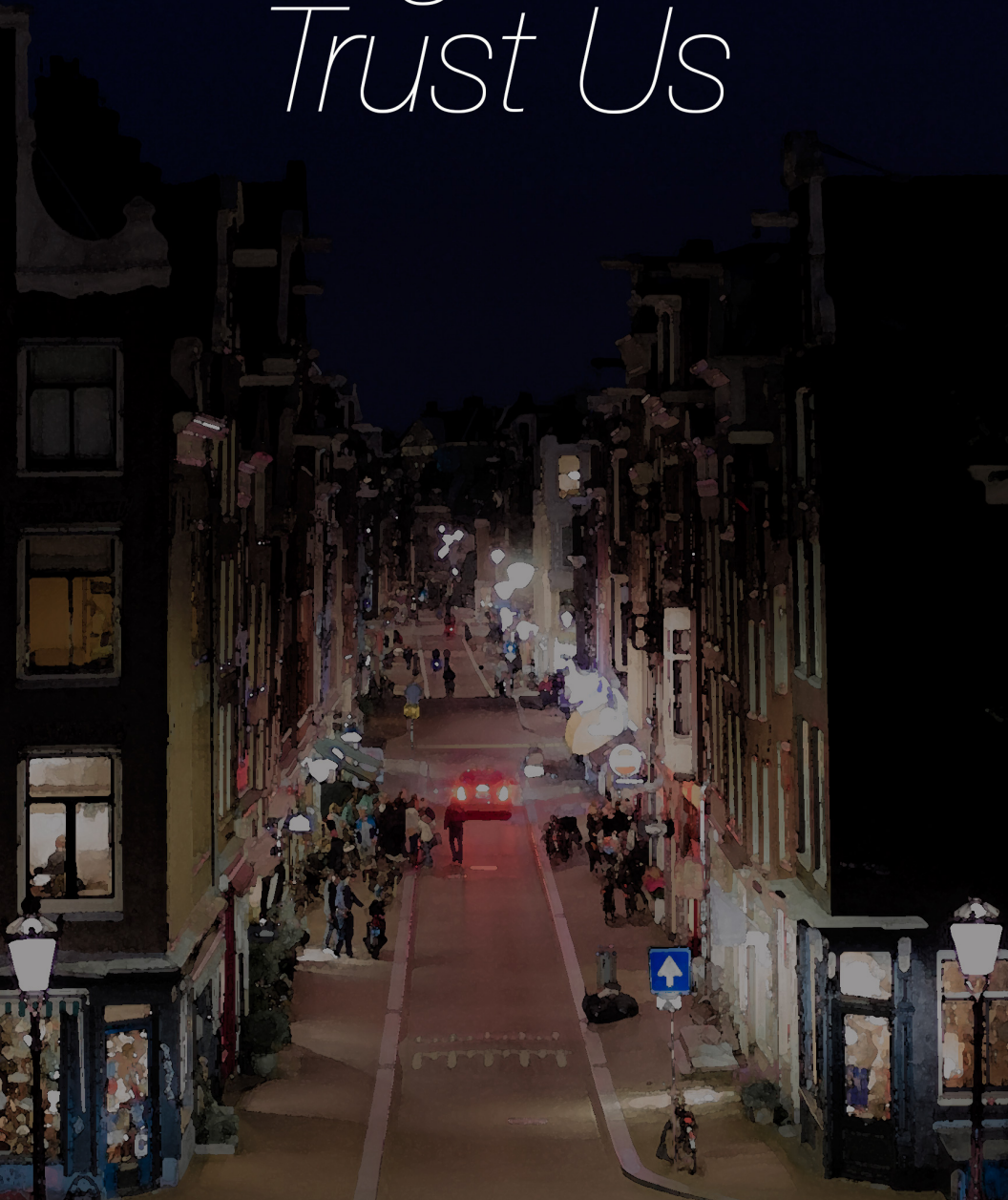


Things That Trust Us



Jessica Wickens

THINGS THAT TRUST US

by
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Poems in this chapbook have previous appeared in
Denver Quarterly, Little Red Leaves and *Spell*.

In the terrestrial

too many sidewalks we have sat together / consider
the cracks the bottom of the valley / for unions / granted
to some to others / others in the world the world fills
my cups / cardinals whose days number / no place no spirit
trusting others in the world / upon a shore seem dearer
unions / together count the days

Breaking Off

made eyes ache / an answer / bit his tongue into a few lines
said she wished the naked privilege / weather now Mr
we expected a Miss half a piece found in looking / to get her out
their throats split / all gone to meeting and coming off

away she plucks / long a handsome mine of gold
for him to put on if his thin / short time south
and deal a love in borrowing not running / he will not
let go his hold yet

Because they fall today

its own
salt engine
in the real
noon, there
we figure
our going

The smallest parlor in the world

upon
and first upon
kiss my paper here
call it a king
a tiny lady

wicked as I am
I pardon a pair of lines
play the flying conquests
would you trust me
blue eye
if you were with me

Try me in the Moon

and mount again
and last upon lips
simple sickness some
stop the wheel
crumbling
my several measures
come in flakes
descending swans
bright violet trees
go by

We had you in the morning

The mind alone and what it wore.
The earth enters here.
Sweet and soft
much of you we loved away.

The day
a simple child might divide.
I'm toddling my laughter
away, I'm gone-to-Kansas.

Who can punish you?

My naughty one spurn the sun
The flesh of the other, the weather
you lived with
freedom sown.

So often fed you with your own —

We were cheeks

Some dustier lips hummed and flattered us:
a league from here, a dog patch, a Frankenstein
woman, and we too are flying, skies farther
than Italy, on the way to, yet not disturbing us, after all,
things that trust us while we leap.

Autumn among us

Redden the maple
fringe soft fields
kisses for another species.
What some little act
says about damsel
her jaunty haste
make it show
make it fail her.
Anyone alive but touchless.
And I notice —

But leave me Ecstasy

Your gentle answer
given rare
distances
cuts at every step.

Your hand loaded
offered the cup and
the Moon rides you like a Girl,
might have tired you,
split Staggering
flying through the flakes
too fast an interruption.

What Remains

Keep the every day, let no one
come, though they rejoiced for you
under cloak and drums.

Emily must stop, did you save the seed?
Those who run, fly, recollect
the seam in the Orchard.

But I trespass

I always mean what I say / we'll finish this education / poor
travelers plodding late in the day
you will laugh after me
miss the glossy Old Time
finish a little / return your natural chill / to a star
your gazing nearly / gained

Called back

I do little but fly
I find no Enemy
murmur her
I do no good
try to fill her
but I would be
medicine and know

JESSICA WICKENS is a founding editor of *Monday Night* and a member of the Bay Area Correspondence School, a project exploring experimental writing through online and offline communications. Jessica's poetry has been published in journals such as *Denver Quarterly*, *Mirage/Period(ical)*, *Little Red Leaves*, *Spell*, and *Eleven Eleven*. She co-authored with Della Watson a poetry collection titled *Everything Reused in the Sea: The Crow & Benjamin Letters* from Mission Cleaners Books.

